

# Always Been Yours Chapter 59

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Henry secretly agreed with what Silas had said. An opportunity like this was scarce these days, and if they didn't take Reinhart Group up on their offer, someone else would.

Admittedly, Henry was starting to sway, but when he thought about how insistent Timothy had been about the twenty million, he shook his head at last and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Reinhart, but I'm afraid can't be the only one calling the shots."

Silas gritted his teeth, his eyes narrowing slightly. He finally realized that this negotiation was going nowhere, for the person who called the shots was not Henry, but the co-creator of the software.

As such, he seized the chance to say with a tight smile, "In that case, get your buddy to come over. I'll be right here waiting, and I'll talk to him about the offer. If price remains the only problem, I'm sure upping it by a fraction won't do any harm. Although to be realistic, twenty million would be too steep!"

Upon hearing this, Henry nodded slowly. "Very well, then. Just give me a moment while I give him a call." He rose from his seat after this and walked to a quiet corner, then called Timothy so he could relay what Silas had said.

On the other line, Timothy let out an amused bark of laughter after he heard the full story and sneered, "Not realistic, eh? Then, there's nothing for us to talk about! I don't have the time to meet him anyway; I have to see the teacher about the college sponsorship, so just ask him to leave without a deal."

With that, he hung up decisively.

Henry heaved a sigh, frustrated by his friend's stubbornness and the complicated situation waiting for him back at the table. Alas, he rejoined Silas and said apologetically, "Mr. Reinhart, I'm afraid my friend won't be coming; he's busy at the moment."

Silas frowned when he heard this, looking grim and offended. He was the chairman of a company, and he had taken the time of day to go over the deal personally, and yet he was being snubbed by some college kid here. Busy? Hah! How busy can a college student be?

Sensing the older man's displeasure, Henry quickly spoke up for Timothy. "I'm not lying, Mr. Reinhart. My friend really is busy at the moment. He has his hands full sorting out the sponsorship for his studies abroad, and if he weren't, then I wouldn't be the one talking to you right now."

Silas scoffed coldly when he heard this, though his anger was reduced by a smidge. That being said, he was still upset that he was going to walk away without a deal. As such, he demanded bluntly, "Then, the least you could do is give me a name. If your friend truly is too busy to see me, then I shall go and see him personally when I have the time."

Henry blinked, and he thought this sounded like a feasible enough plan, so he answered, "His name's Timothy Reinhart."

An incredulous Silas stiffened in his seat. "What?"

Without thinking too much of it, Henry repeated, "Timothy Reinhart."

Meanwhile, Timothy had never planned on collaborating with Reinhart Group in the first place. Money aside, the name Reinhart Group was enough to make him gag.

Alas, who could have thought that the representative from the revolting company would still badger him even though he had already asked Henry to reject the offer? Looks like the company's really desperate, Timothy thought grimly. Then again, this is what they deserve!

He was of the apathetic opinion that he would never have anything to do with a repulsive company like Reinhart Group, not even if it went bankrupt and the whole family had to beg on the streets for a living because that was the punishment they deserved. However, such a thought disappeared as quickly as it came.

Presently, when he saw that it was getting close to evening, he took out his phone and texted Tessa, "Hey, Tess, what do you feel like having for dinner? I'll get the groceries and make you a feast after I'm done with class."

Tessa was still busy with orchestra rehearsal and time was a luxury none of them could afford. When they finally caught a few minutes' break, she fished out her phone and replied, "I'm thinking sticky pork ribs and battered fish."

These were Timothy's specialties. Having read her text, he smiled gently and texted, "Got it."

Following that, he left to go grocery shopping as soon as class was over. However, he had only just stepped out of the school gates when a man in a suit stopped him from going any further.

"Are you Timothy Reinhart?" the man asked straightforwardly.

Timothy could sense the man's hostility, and he narrowed his eyes as he demanded icily, "And you are?"

The man introduced himself without missing a beat, "I'm Mr. Reinhart's assistant. He'd like to see you for a moment, so if you'll follow me, please."

Timothy's expression shifted, and he looked behind the man. Sure enough, there was a black Mercedes Benz idling by the side of the road, and it bore a really familiar license plate number, too!